



CHOICE SELECTIONS

— IN —

Prose and Poetry,

— FROM —

FAVORITE AUTHORS.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Live for Something.....	1	Columbus	28
Don't be mean, boys ...	2	Ireland	30
Mountains of Life.....	3	The Inquiry	33
Ireland's Future.....	4	Brutus' Address	35
What is Time.....	4	Wolsey's Farewell.....	36
Erin's Flag.....	6	Immortality	37
There is a God.....	8	Life is so Long.....	39
Just for To-day	9	The Atheist.....	41
Frozen Kindness.....	10	Live not for Yourselves	43
A Boy of his word.....	11	Will my soul pass thro'	
Life is what we make it.	11	Ireland.....	46
The Land of my Birth.	13	Richelieu and France..	49
Mother, Home and Hea-		Irish Disturbance Bill .	50
ven.....	14	The Sailor Boy's Dream	52
The Pilot	16	Destruction of Senna-	
Nobility of Labor.....	18	cherib.	55
Somebody's Mother....	19	Calumniators of Catho-	
The Everlasting Church	21	licism	56
Look Aloft.....	23	The Galley Slave	57
Life and Death.....	24	Regulus' Curse.....	61
Never Mind.....	25	The Priest's Leap.....	64
Courage, Boy !.....	26	Spartacus' Address.....	68
Advice to Boys.....	27	Gualberto's Victory.....	72

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LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move, and live ; pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blest by them ; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption ; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.

DON'T BE MEAN, BOYS.

SOMETIMES I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down alone he is then compelled to be honest with himself. Not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look comes back to him ; not a penny dropped into the palm of poverty, nor the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart ; no sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life ; no strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of these things come to him as the “God bless you” of the departed day, how he must hate himself—how he must try to roll away from himself, and sleep on the other side of the bed—when the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure and fair and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how careless and dreary must his own path appear? Why, even one isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of the average man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heartache and misery in the world, why should any one add a pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden? Don't be mean, boys. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.

THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

THERE'S a land far away, 'mid the stars we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time,—
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime ;—
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where the ages of splendor eternally roll ;
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal,
On the evergreen Mountains of Life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale of its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the desert of this ;
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
And we've drunk from the tide of the river that flows
From the evergreen Mountains of Life.

Oh, the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod ;
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our God !
We are traveling homeward through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unceasingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
From the evergreen Mountains of Life.—CLARK.

IRELAND'S FUTURE.

LOOK toward a land both old and young—old in its Christianity, young in its promise of the future ; a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never questioned it ; a Church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Augustin and Paulinus found, and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night, and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes toward a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the Ireland I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between the two hemispheres, and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

WHAT IS TIME ?

ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs
“ Time is the warp of life,” he said. “ Oh, tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well !”
I asked the ancient venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled :
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
“ Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode !”

I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins : " Time !" he replied,
" I've lost it ! ah, the treasure !" and he died.
I asked the golden sun, and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years :
They answered, " Time is but a meteor glare !"
And bade us for eternity prepare.
I asked a spirit lost ; but oh, the shriek
That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak !
It cried, " A particle ! a speck ! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite !"
Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply :
" Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of glory, or path of hell."
I asked old father Time himself, at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past ;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land ;
" By heavens," he cried, " I swear the mystery's o'er ;
Time was, time is, but time shall be no more !"

ERIN'S FLAG.

UNROLL Erin's flag ! fling its folds to the breeze,
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas,
Lift it out of the dust, let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and
swore

That never ! no ! never, while God gave them life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never ! no ! never, that banner should yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield ;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up ! wave it high ! 'tis as bright as of old !
Not a stain on its green, nor a blot on its gold
Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long
years

Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears !
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of tyranny boom,
Look aloft ! look aloft ! lo ! the cloud's drifting by,
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in
the sky.

'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high,
Erin's dark night is waning ; her day-dawn is nigh.

Lift it up ! lift it up ! the old banner of green !
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen ;

What ! though the tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown ?
What ! though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus forever ? No ! no ! God is just !
Take it up ! take it up ! from the tyrant's foul tread,
Let him tear the Green flag, we will snatch its last shred,
And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers bled.

Lift up the Green Flag ! oh ! it wants to go home ;
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam ;
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled.
Like a weary winged bird, to the East and the West,
It has flitted and fled ; but it never shall rest,
Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
When its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain,
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up ! take it up ! bear it back from afar,
That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war ;
Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die,
And shout to the clans scattered over the earth,
To join in the march to the land of their birth ;
And wherever the Exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow and roam,
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam
They'll sail to the music of " Home, Sweet, Home !"

NATURE PROCLAIMS A DEITY.

THERE is a God ! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless Him ; the insect sports in His beam ; the bird sings Him in the foliage ; the thunder proclaims Him in the heavens ; the ocean declares His immensity ;—man alone has said, There is no God ! Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects in nature. Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year,—a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn—a night bespangled with stars, and a night darkened by clouds—meadows enameled with flowers—forests hoary with snow—fields gilded by tints of autumn,—then alone you will have a just conception of the universe ! While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging into the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what inconceivable power does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning ? At every hour of the day, the glorious orb is at once rising, resplendent as noon-day, and setting in the west ; or rather, our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east or west, no north or south, in the world.

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

LORD ! for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray ;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray ;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey ;
Help me to mortify my flesh,
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say ;
Set thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave—
In season gay ;
Let me be faithful to thy grace,
Just for to-day.

And if to-day my life
Should ebb away,
Give me thy sacraments divine,
Sweet Lord, to-day.

In purgatory's cleansing fires

Brief be my stay ;

Oh, bid me, if to-day I die,

Come home to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs

I do not pray ;

But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,

Just for to-day.

FROZEN KINDNESS.

THE world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying on rocks and on tops of hills where nobody can get them ; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of these fallen trees if you had no means of getting the wood home, and making a fire of it. Just so in a family ; love is what makes parents and children, the brothers and sisters, happy. But if they take care never to say a word about it ; if they keep it a profound secret as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them ; the house will seem cool even in summer, and if you live there you will envy the dog when any one calls him poor fellow.

A BOY OF HIS WORD.

YOU may sing of the heroes of yore,
You may speak of the deeds they have done,
Of the foes they have slain by the score
Of the glorious battles they've won ;
You may seek to eternalize their fame,
And it may be with goodly success ;
But it is not the warrior's name
That this heart and this spirit would bless,
Though oft at their mention, my soul hath been stirred
Yet dearer to me is the boy of his word !

You may speak of the great ones of earth,
Of prelates, of princes, of kings ;
I doubt not there's something of worth
In the bosom of all human things ;
But dearer to me than the whole,
Than the pageantry, splendor and pride,
Is the boy with a frank honest soul,
Who never, his word hath belied.
Yes prized above all that this world can afford,
Though lowly and poor, 'tis the boy of his word !

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

LIFE is what we make it. To some this may appear
a very singular if not extravagant statement. You

look upon this life and upon this world, and you derive from them, it may be, a different impression. You see the earth, perhaps, only as a collection of blind, obdurate, inexorable elements and powers. You look upon the mountains that stand fast forever ; you look upon the seas that roll upon every shore their ceaseless tides ; you walk through the annual round of seasons ; all things seem to be fixed, summer and winter, seed time and harvest, growth and decay ; and so they are.

But does not the mind spread its own hue over all these scenes ? Does not the cheerful man make a cheerful world ? Does not the sorrowing man make a gloomy world ? Does not every mind make its own world ? Does it not, as if indeed a portion of the Divinity were imparted to it, almost create the scene around it ? Its power, in fact, scarcely falls short of the theories of those philosophers who have supposed that the world had no existence at all but in our own minds.

So again with regard to human life ; it seems to many, probably, unconscious as they are of the mental and moral powers that control it, as if it were made up of fixed conditions, and of immense and impassable distinctions. But upon all conditions presses down one impartial law. To all situations, to all fortunes, high or low, the mind gives their character. They are in effect not what they are in themselves, but what they are to the feelings of their possessors.

The king upon his throne and amidst his court may be a mean, degraded, miserable man ; a slave to ambition, to voluptuousness, to fear, to every low passion. The peasant in his cottage may be the real monarch—the moral master of his fate—the free and lofty being, more than a prince in happiness, more than a king in honor. And shall the mere names which these men bear blind us to the actual position which they occupy amidst God's creation ? No ; beneath the all powerful law of the heart, the master is often the slave, and the slave the master.

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

THESE'S a magical tie to the land of our home,
Which the heart cannot break, though the footsteps
may roam :

Be that land where it may, at the Line or the Pole,
It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.

'Tis loved by the freeman, 'tis loved by the slave,

'Tis dear to the coward, more dear to the brave !

Ask of any the spot they like best on the earth,

And they'll answer with pride, "'Tis the land of my
birth."

Oh, Canada ! thy green hills are dearer to me

Than all the famed coasts of a far, foreign sea ;

What emerald can peer or what sapphire can vie,

With the grass of thy fields or thy summer-day sky ?
They tell me of regions where flowers are found,
Whose perfume and tints spread a paradise round ;
But brighter to me cannot garland the earth
Than those that spring forth in the land of my birth.

My country, I love thee :—though freely I'd rove
Through the western savannah, or sweet orange grove ;
Yet warmly my bosom would welcome the gale
That bore me away with a homeward-bound sail.
My country, I love thee !—and oh, mayst thou have
The last throb of my heart, ere 'tis cold in the grave ;
Mayst thou yield me that grave, in thine own daisied
earth,
And my ashes repose in the land of my birth !

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

MOTHER, Home, and Heaven, says a writer, are three of the most beautiful words in the English language. And truly I think that they may well be called so—what word strikes so forcibly upon the heart as mother? Coming from childhood's sunny lips, it has a peculiar charm ; for it speaks of one to whom they look and trust for protection.

A mother is the truest friend we have ; when trials heavy and sudden fall upon us ; when adversity takes the place of prosperity ; when friends, who rejoiced with

us in our sunshine, desert us ; when troubles thicken around us, still will she cling to us, and endeavor by her kind precepts and counsels to dissipate the clouds of darkness, and cause peace to return to our hearts.

The kind words of a mother have often been the means of reclaiming an erring one from the path of wickedness to a life of happiness and prosperity.

The lonely convict, immured in his dreary cell, thinks of the innocent days of his childhood, and feels that though other friends forsake him, he has still a guardian angel watching over him ; and that, however dark his sins may have been, they have all been forgiven and forgotten by her.

Mother is indeed a sweet name, and her station is indeed a holy one ; for in her hands are placed minds, to be moulded almost at her will ; aye, fitted to shine—not much, it is true, on earth, compared, if taught aright, with the dazzling splendor which awaits them in heaven.

Home ! how often we hear persons speak of the home of their childhood. Their minds seem to delight in dwelling upon the recollections of joyous days spent beneath the parental roof, when their young and happy hearts were as light and free as the birds who made the woods resound with the melody of their cheerful songs. What a blessing it is, when weary with care, and burdened with sorrow, to have a home to which we can go, and there, in the midst of friends we love, forget our troubles and dwell in peace and quietness.

Heaven ! that land of quiet rest—toward which those, who, worn down and tired with the toils of earth, direct their frail barks over the troubled waters of life, and after a long and dangerous passage, find it—safe in the haven of eternal bliss. Heaven is the home that awaits us beyond the grave. There the friendships formed on earth, and which cruel death has severed, are never more to be broken ; and parted friends shall meet again, never more to be separated.

It is an inspiring hope that, when we separate here on earth at the summons of death's angel, and when a few more years have rolled over the heads of those remaining, if "faithful unto death," we shall meet again in Heaven, our eternal home, there to dwell in the presence of our Heavenly Father, and go no more out forever.

THE PILOT.

THE waves are high, the night is dark,
Wild roam the foaming tides,
Dashing around the straining bark,
As gallantly she rides.

"Pilot ! take heed what course you steer ;
Our bark is tempest-driven !"

"Stranger, be calm ; there is no fear
For him who trusts in Heaven."

“ O pilot ! mark you thunder-cloud ;
The lightning’s lurid rivers ;
Hark to the wind, ’tis piping loud ;
The mainmast bends and quivers !
Stay, pilot, stay, and shorten sail ;
Our stormy trysail’s riven ! ”

“ Stranger, what matters calm or gale
To him who trusts in Heaven ? ”

Borne by the wind the vessel flies
Up to the thundering cloud ;
Now tottering low, the spray-winged seas
Conceal the topmast shroud.

“ Pilot, the waves break o’er us fast ;
Vainly our bark has striven ! ”

“ Stranger, the Lord can rule the blast :
Go, put thy trust in Heaven ! ”

Good hope ! good hope ! One little star
Gleams o’er the waste of waters :

’Tis like the light reflected far
Of Beauty’s loveliest daughters.

“ Stranger, good hope He giveth thee,
As He has often given ;
Then learn this truth—whate’er may be,
To put thy trust in Heaven ! ”

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

CALL upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it, then, be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world—of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they, too, generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in spirit; fulfil it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his arms, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hands, scarred with service more honorable

than that of war ; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which Mother Nature has embroidered, 'midst sun and rain, 'midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors ? Ashamed of those tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity ? It is treason to Nature—it is impiety to Heaven—it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. TOIL I repeat—toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood,—the only true nobility.—DEWEY.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day ;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Come happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep ;
Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group ;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
" I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were young and strong ;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

" She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow ;
And some one, some time, may lend a hand
To help my mother—you understand ?—
If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
And her own dear boy so far away."

" Somebody's mother," bowed her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was : " God, be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
But the Father hears when His children speak ;
Angels caught the faltering word,
And " Somebody's Mother's " prayer was heard.

MACMILLAN.

THE EVERLASTING CHURCH.

THERE is not, and there never was, on this earth an institution so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the time when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre.

The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back, in an unbroken series, from the pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth ; and far beyond the time of Pepin does this august dynasty extend.

The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the papacy ; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere an-

tique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending to the furthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with St. Augustin, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila.

The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of Missouri and Cape Horn ; countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than two hundred and fifty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching.

She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and feels no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca ; and she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

LOOK ALOFT.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—
If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart—
“Look aloft,” and be firm and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds, are arrayed,
“Look aloft” to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which Hope spreads in light to
thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
“Look aloft” to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart—
Thy friends and companions—in sorrow depart,
“Look aloft” from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where “affection is ever in bloom.”

And oh! when Death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, “Look aloft.” and depart.

LIFE AND DEATH.

“What is Life, father? “A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled
And the stoutest heart may quail,
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand,
In the thickest of the fight.”

“What is Death, father?” “The rest, my child
When the strife and the toil are o’er ;
The Angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more ;
Who, driving away the demon band,
Bids the din of battle cease,
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand
And proclaims an eternal peace.”

“Let me die, father ! I tremble and fear
To yield in that terrible strife !”
“The crown must be won for heaven dear
In the battle-field of life ;
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small ;
The angels of heaven are on thy side
And God is over all !”

NEVER MIND.

WHAT'S the use of always fretting,
At the trials we shall find
Ever strewn along our pathway?
Look ahead, and "never mind."

Travel onward, working, hoping,
Cast no lingering glance behind
At the trials once encountered:
Look ahead and "never mind."

What is past is past forever:
Let all fretting be resigned,—
It will never help the matter:
Do your best and "never mind,"

And if those who should befriend you,
Whom the ties of nature bind,
Should refuse to do their duty,
Look to Heaven, and "never mind."

Unfriendly words are often spoken
When the feelings are unkind;
Take them for their real value;
Pass them by, and "never mind."

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,
Enemies may be combined;
If your trust in God is steadfast,
He will help you—"never mind."

COURAGE, BOY, COURAGE !

YES, courage, boy, courage ! and press on thy way ;
There is nothing to harm thee, nothing to fear :
Do all which Truth bids thee, and do it to-day ;
Hold on to the purpose, do right, persevere !

Though waves of temptation in anger may roll,
And storm-cloud on storm-cloud hang dark in the
sky,
Still courage, boy, courage ! there's strength in thy
soul
Believing and doing bring help from on high.

Let joy light thy cheek, then, and hope gild thy brow ;
Ne'er parley with wrong, nor ill stay to borrow ;
Let thy object be Truth, and thy watchword be Now !
Make sure of to-day, and trust God for to-morrow.

By deeds of the mighty, who struggled and bled,
Be incited to action, and manfully fight ;
Good is worth doing, boy ! and living or dead,
That good shall reward thee with honor and might.

Then courage, boy, courage ! there's light in the sky :
Be humble, be active, be honest, be true ;
And though hosts may confront, and though foes may
decry,
" I've conquered ! " at last shall be shouted by you.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

W HATEVER you are, be brave, boys ;
The liar's a coward and slave, boys ;
 Though clever at ruses,
 And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are be frank, boys ;
'Tis better than money and rank, boys ;
 Still cleave to the right,
 Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys ;
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys ;
 The man gentle in mien,
 Words and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But, whatever you are, be true, boys ;
Be visible through and through, boys ;
 Leave to others the shamming,
 The "greening" and "cramming,"
In fun and in earnest be true, boys.

THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

ON the deck stood Columbus ; the ocean's expanse,
Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.

" Back to Spain !" cry his men : " put the vessel about !
We venture no farther through danger and doubt."

" Three days, and I give you a world !" he replied ;

" Bear up my brave comrades, three days shall decide."

He sails, but no token of land is in sight ;

He sails, but the day shows no more than the night ;

On, onward, while in vain o'er the lee

The lead is sent down through a fathomless sea.

The pilot in silence leans mournfully o'er

The rudder that creaks mid the billowy roar ;

He hears the hoarse moan of the spray-driving blast,

And its funeral wail through the shrouds of the mast.

The stars of far Europe have sunk from the skies,

And the great Southern Cross meets his terrified eyes ;

But at length the slow dawn, softly streaking the night,

Illumes the blue vault with a faint crimson light,

" Columbus ! 'tis day, and the darkness is o'er."

" Day ! and what dost thou see ?" " Sky and ocean—
no more !"

The second day ends, and Columbus is sleeping,

While Mutiny near him its vigil is keeping.

"Shall he perish?" "Ay, death!" is the barbarous cry;

"He must triumph to-morrow, or, perjured, must die!"
Ungrateful and blind! shall the world-linking sea
He traced for the future his sepulchre be?
Or shall it to-morrow, with pitiless waves,
Fling his corse on that shore which his patient eye
craves?

The corse of an humble adventurer, then;
One day later—Columbus, the first among men!

But hush! he is dreaming; and sleep to his thought
Reveals what his waking eyes vainly have sought;
Through the distant horizon—oh rapturous sight!—
Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness of
night;

O vision of glory! ineffable scene!
What richness of verdure! the sky how serene!
How blue the far mountains! how glad the green isles!
And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with
smiles!

"Joy! joy!" cried Columbus, "this region is mine!"
Thine? not e'en its name, wondrous dreamer, is thine!

But see! o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks—
"Land! land!" cry the sailors; "land! land!—he
awakes—

He runs—yes! behold it!—it blesses his sight—

The land ! O dear spectacle ! transport ! delight !
O generous sobs, which he cannot restrain !
“ What will Ferdinand say ? and the Future ? and
Spain ?

I will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne—
The king will repay all the ills I have known ;
In exchange for a world what are honors and gains,
Or a crown ?” But how is he rewarded ? With chains !

IRELAND.

“ Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
‘ This is my own, my native land !’
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell.”

Ireland ! There is magic in the sound ! O sacred
isle ! fertile soil of scholars and saints, who shall praise
thee as thou deservest ? Who shall worthily celebrate
thy glories and thy fame, or portray thy beauties and
thy worth ?

“ First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea,
All the great ones of earth can still learn from thee.”

Statesmen, scholars, heroes, and poets, do you want examples worthy of study and imitation? Where can you find them brighter than in Ireland? Where can you find them purer than in the Emerald Isle? Friends of learning, would you do homage to the shrine of literature? Visit Ireland, study her history, examine her annals. Are you a mighty warrior subduing your country's foe? Contemplate Brian Boru on the plains of Clontarf? Student, poet, or orator, do you wish to excel? Study Burke, Moore, Sheridan, Griffin, Grattan, and Goldsmith. Grave barrister, would you learn the true, the sole expression of the people's will? There stands Curran,

Servants of Him whose name is above all other names, most holy and adorable, recall the days that are passed—the days that can never be obliterated from the pages of the sad history of Ireland. Consider the patient endurance of the clergy and their faithful people during the days of the penal laws, when they had to seek shelter under the canopy of heaven to worship and serve their Maker, amidst hill and dale and in caverns of the earth. Oh! forget not that penal code which severed the priest from his flock on the mountain-top, hung him on the nearest tree, and cast his lifeless body into a nameless grave, without prayer or ceremony! Follow them to their hiding-places in the recesses of the earth, or to their dark, bleak dens in the rocks! Behold them hunted like beasts of prey; see them

emaciated with famine, worn and diseased, yet laboring with supernatural zeal for the glory of their Maker and the salvation of their fellow-man ; so view them, and when you extol faith, hope, charity, fortitude, and longanimity, forget not the unparelled forbearance and unflinching fidelity of the sorely-tried Catholics of Ireland. Would you look for high examples of noble daring? Where can you find them more brightly shining than in Ireland? From the heath-clad summit of the Connemara hills to the historic vale of Glendalough, not a flower but has blushed with patriotic blood. From the foaming crest of the noble Shannon to the calm bosom of Lough Neagh, not a river or lake but has been reddened with the life-tide of the courageous children of St Patrick !

Would you witness greatness? Behold the uncrowned monarch of his beloved country, the immortal O'Connell, the glorious champion of freedom and the powerful advocate of the rights of man. He labored not for honors, party, or conquest, but for his country's weal, religion, and laws. Would you ask for chivalry—that high and delicate sense of honor which deems a stain upon one's country as individual disgrace ; that moral courage which measures danger and meets it against known odds ; that patriotic valor which would rather repose on a death-bed of laurels than flourish in wealth and power under the foul shade of despotism? Turn to Red Hugh O'Neill, the proud bird of Ulster. His

plumage still shines through the clouds of oppression,
lighting to honor all who nobly dare to do or die.
Where, then, can we look for higher motives of honest
ambition than to Ireland, the ill-fated "gem" of the sea?

Land of the mountain, torrent, and dale,
Where faith and friendship go hand in hand,
Thy children's virtues shall never fail
Till they are crowned in a better land.

THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?—
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,—“No.”

TELL me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,—

Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies ?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer,—“No.”

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace ;
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man,
Might find a happier lot ?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded,—“No.”

Tell me, my secret soul,
O ! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place,
From sorrow, sin, and death ?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest ?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,—“ Yes, in
Heaven.”

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly,—any dear friend of Cæsar's,—to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.——

None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his

glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,—a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.—SHAKSPEARE.

WOLSEY'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

IMMORTALITY.

IF we wholly perish with the body, what an imposture is this whole system of laws, manners, and usages on which human society is founded ! If we wholly perish with the body, these maxims of charity, patience, justice, honor, gratitude, and friendship which sages have taught and good men have practised—what are they but empty words, possessing no real and binding efficacy ? Why should we heed them, if in this life we only have hope ? Speak not of duty. What can we owe to the dead, to the living, to ourselves, if all are, or will be nothing ? Who shall dictate our duty, if not our own pleasures, if not our own passions ? Speak not of morality ; it is a mere chimera, a bugbear of human invention, if retribution terminate with the grave.

If we must wholly perish, what to us are the sweet ties of kindred ? what the tender names of parent, child, sister, brother, husband, wife, or friend ? The charac-

ters of a drama are not more illusive. We have no ancestors, no descendants, since succession cannot be predicated of nothingness. Would we honor the illustrious dead? How absurd to honor that which has no existence! Would we take thought for posterity? How frivolous to concern ourselves for those whose end, like our own, must soon be annihilation! Have we made a promise? How can it bind nothing to nothing? Perjury is but a jest. The last injunctions of the dying—what sanctity have they more than the last sound of a chord that is snapped, of an instrument that is broken?

To sum all up: If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws but an insensate servitude; rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up; justice is but an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men—an imposition, usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty, a prejudice; honor and probity, such stuff as dreams are made of; and thefts, murders, parricides, the most heartless cruelties and the blackest crimes, are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature; while the harsh epithets attached to them are merely such as the policy of legislators has invented and imposed on the credulity of the people.

Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers must inevitably lead. Here is that social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation

from error of which they eternally prate as the fruit of their doctrines. Accept their maxims, and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos, and all the relations of life are confounded, and all ideas of vice and virtue are reversed, and the most inviolable laws of society vanish, and all moral discipline perishes, and the government of states and nations has no longer any cement to uphold it, and all the harmony of the body politic becomes discord, and the human race is no more than an assemblage of reckless barbarians—shameless remorseless, brutal, denaturalized, with no other law than force, no other check than passion, no other bond than irreligion, no other God than self! Such would be the world which impiety would make. Such would be this world, were a belief in God and immortality to die out of the human heart.—MASSILON.

LIFE IS SO LONG.

“ But a week is so long !” he said,
With a toss of his curly head,
“ One, two, three, four, five, six, seven !—
Seven whole days ! Why, in six you know
(You know it yourself—you told me so)
The great God up in Heaven
Made all the earth and the seas and the skies,
The trees and the birds and the butterflies.
How can I wait for my seeds to grow ? ”

“ But a month is so long !” he said,
With a droop of his boyish head.
Hear me count—one, two, three, four—
Four whole weeks, and three days more ;
Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadow crawls over yonder steep ;
Thirty-one days, and I shall lie,
Watching the stars climb up the sky.
How can I wait till a month is o’er !”

“ But a year is so long !” he said,
Uplifting his bright young head.
“ All the season must come and go
Over the hills with footsteps slow—
Autumn and winter, summer and spring ;
Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I might cross to the other side
And again with my true friends abide !”

“ Ten years may be long !” he said,
Slowly raising his stately head.
But there’s much to win, there’s much to lose ;
A man must labor, a man must choose,
And must be strong to wait !
The years may be long, but who would wear
The crown of honor must do and dare—
No time has he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood’s high estate.”

“ Ah ! life is not long ! ” he said,
Bowing his grand white head.
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—
Seventy years ! As swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is as short as a summer night—
How long, O God, is eternity ? ”

THE ATHEIST.

THE fool hath said, “ There is no God ! ”
No God !—Who lights the morning sun,
And sends him on his heavenly road,
A far and brilliant course to run ?
Who, when the radiant day is done,
Hangs forth the moon’s nocturnal lamp,
And bids the planets one by one,
Steal o’er the night vales, dark and damp ?

No God !—Who gives the morning dew,
The fanning breeze, the fostering shower ?
Who warms the spring-morn’s budding bough,
And plants the summer’s noontide flower ?
Who spreads in the autumnal bower
The fruit tree’s mellow stores around,
And sends the winter’s icy power,
To invigorate the exhausted ground ?

No God !—Who makes the bird to wing
Its flight like arrow through the sky,
And gives the deer its power to spring
From rock to rock triumphantly?
Who formed Behemoth, huge and high,
That a draught the river drains,
And great Leviathan to lie,
Like floating isle, on ocean plain ?

No God !—Who warms the heart to heave
With thousand feelings soft and sweet,
And prompts the aspiring soul to leave
The earth we tread beneath our feet
And soar away on pinions fleet
Beyond the scenes of mortal strife,
With fair ethereal forms to meet,
That tell us of the after life ?

No God !—Who fixed the solid ground
Of pillars strong, that alter not ?
Who spread the curtained skies around ?
Who doth the ocean bounds allot ?
Who all things to perfection brought
On earth below, in heaven above ?
Go ask the fool, of impious thought,
Who dares to say, “ There is no God ! ”

LIVE NOT TO YOURSELVES.

ON a frail little stem in the garden hang the opening rose. Go ask why it hangs there! "I hang there," says the beautiful flower, "to sweeten the air which man breathes, to open my beauties, to kindle emotion in his eye, to show him the hand of his God, who penciled each leaf, and laid them thus on my bosom. And, whether you find me here to greet him every morning, or whether you find me on the lone mountain-side, with the bare possibility that he will throw me one passing glance, my end is the same. I live not to myself."

Beside yon highway stands an aged tree, solitary and alone. You see no living thing near it and you say, surely that must stand for itself alone. "No," says the tree, "God never made me for a purpose so small.

For more than a hundred years I have stood here. In summer, I have spread out my arms, and sheltered the panting flocks which hastened to my shade; in my bosom I have concealed and protected the brood of young birds, as they lay and rocked in their nests; in the storm I have more than once received in my body the lightning's bolt, which had else destroyed the traveler; the acorns which I have matured from year to year, have been carried far and wide, and groves of forest oaks can claim me as their parent.

"I have lived for the eagle which has perched on my

top ; for the humming-bird that has paused and refreshed its giddy wings ere it danced away again like a blossom of the air ; for the insect that has found a home within the folds of my bark ;—and, when I can stand no longer, I shall fall by the hand of man, and I will go to strengthen the ship which makes him lord of the ocean, and to his dwelling, to warm his hearth and cheer his home. I live not to myself.”

On yonder mountain-side comes down the silver brook, in the distance resembling a ribbon of silver, running and leaping as it hastens joyously and fearlessly down. Go ask the leaper what it is doing. “I was born,” says the brook, “high up the mountain; but there I could do no good; and so I am hurrying down, running where I can, and leaping where I must, but hastening down to water the sweet valley, where the thirsty cattle may drink, where the lark may sing on my margin, where I may drive the mill for the accommodation of man, and then widen into the great river, and bear up his steamboats and shipping, and finally plunge into the ocean, to rise again in vapor, and perhaps come back again, in the clouds, to my own native mountain, and live my short life over again. Not a drop of water comes down my channel in whose bright face you may not read, “None of us liveth to himself.”

Speak now to that solitary star that hangs in the far verge of heaven, and ask the bright sparkler what it is doing there? Its voice comes down the path of light,

and cries: "I am a mighty world! I was stationed here at the creation. I was among the morning stars that sang together, and among the sons of God that shouted for joy, at the creation of the earth. Aye, I was there—

' When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death,
Were moved through their depths by His mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung: '

" Here, among the morning stars, I hold my place,
and help to keep other worlds balanced and in their places. I have oceans and mountains, and I support myriads of immortal beings on my bosom ; and, when I have done this, I send my bright beams down to earth, and the sailor takes hold of the helm, and fixes his eye on me, and find his home across the ocean. Of all the countless hosts of my sister stars, who walk forth in the great space of creation, not one, lives or shines for herself."

And thus God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks that flower on its stem, upon the raindrops which swells the

mighty river, upon the dew-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all hath He written, “None of us liveth to himself.”

WILL MY SOUL PASS THROUGH IRELAND ?

The first three stanzas of the following beautiful poem were written a number of years ago by Mr. Denis O’Sullivan of New York. The other stanzas attached, which form a dialogue between the priest and the old woman who is dying, are full of harmless wit, and are in no way intended to be disrespectful to the holy ministry of the priesthood; on the contrary, they contain a moral that will be perceived by the thoughtful reader.

Oh, Soggarth aroon ! sure I know life is fleeting ;
Soon, soon in the strange earth my poor bones will lie ;
I have said my last prayer and received my last blessing,
And if the Lord’s willing I’m ready to die.
But, Soggarth aroon ! can I never again see
The valleys and hills of my dear native land ?
When my soul takes its flight from this dark world of
sorrow
Will it pass through old Ireland to join the bless’d band ?

Oh, Soggarth aroon ! sure I know that in Heaven
The loved ones are waiting and watching for me,
And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be with them.
In those realms of joy, 'mid souls pure and free ;
Yet, Soggarth, I pray, ere you leave me forever,
Relieve the last doubt of a poor dying soul,
Whose hope, next to God, is to know that when leaving
'Twill pass through old Ireland on the way to its goal.

Oh, Soggarth aroon ! I have kept through all changes
The thrice-blessed Shamrock to lay o'er my clay ;
And, oh, it has 'minded me, often and often,
Of that bright smiling valley so far, far away.
Then tell me, I pray you, will I ever again see
The place where it grew on my own native sod ?
When my body lies cold in the land of the stranger,
Will my soul pass through Ireland on its way to our
God ?

Arrah, bless you, my child ! sure I thought it was
Heaven

You wanted to go to the moment you died ;
And such is the place on the ticket I'm giving,
But a coupon for Ireland I'll stick on its side.
Your soul shall be as free as the wind o'er the prairies,
And I'll land you at Cork on the banks of the Lee,
And two little angels I'll give you, like fairies,
To guide you all right over mountain and lea.

Arrah, Soggarth aroon, can't you do any better?
I know that my feelings may peril your grace :
But, if you allow me a voice in the matter,
I won't make a landing at any such place.
The spot that I long for is sweet County Derry,
Among its fair people I was born and bred ;
The Corkies I never much fancied while living,
And I don't want to visit them after I'm dead.

Let me fly to the hills where my soul can make merry,
In the North, where the Shamrock more plentiful
grows—

In the Counties of Cavan, Fermanagh and Derry
I'll linger till called to a better repose.
And the angels you'll give me will find it inviting
To visit the shrines in the Island of Saints ;
If they bring from St. Patrick a small bit of writing
They'll never have reason for any complaints.

A soul, my dear child, that has pinions upon it
Need not be confined to a province so small ;
Through Ulster and Munster and Leinster and Con-
naught,

In less than an instant you're over it all.

Then visit sweet Cork, where your Soggarth was born ;
No doubt, many new things have come into vogue—
But one thing you'll find, that both night, noon and
morn,

As for centuries back, there's no change in the brogue.

Good Mother, assist me in this my last hour ;
And, Soggarth aroon, lay your hand on my head ;
Sure, you're Soggarth for all, and for all you have power,
And I take it for penzance for what I have said.
And, now, since you tell me through Ireland I'm
 passing,
And finding the place so remarkably small,
I'll never let on to the angels in crossing
That we know a distinction in counties at all.

RICHELIEU AND FRANCE.

MY liege, your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers ; but my name, my deeds,
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre!
Pass sentence on me, if you will ; from kings,
Lo ! I appeal to time. Be just, my liege—
I found your kingdom rent with heresies
And bristling with rebellion ; lawless nobles
And breadless serfs ; England formenting discord ;
Austria—her clutch on your dominion ; Spain
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
To armed thunderbolts. The arts lay dead ;
Trade rotted in your marts ; your armies mutinous,
Your treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
Your trust, so be it ! and I leave you, sole,
Supremest monarch of the mightiest realm,

From Ganges to the icebergs. Look without—
No foe not humbled ! Look within—the Arts
Quit, for our school; their old Hesperides,
The golden Italy ! while throughout the veins
Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
Trade, the ca'm health of nations ! Sire, I know
That men have called me cruel ;
I am not ; I am just ! I found France rent asunder ;
The rich despots, the poor banditti ;
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple ;
Brawls festering to rebellion, and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have re-created France ; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization, on her luminous wings,
Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove ! What was my art ?
Genius, some say ; some, fortune ; witchcraft some.
Not so. My art was JUSTICE !

THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL.

♫ DO not rise to fawn or cringe to this House. I
do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful toward
the nation to which I belong—toward a nation which,
though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It
is a distinct nation ; it has been treated as such by
this country, as may be proved by history, and by
seven hundred years of tyranny. I call upon this

House, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberties of the press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen. Against the bill I protest, in the name of the Irish people, and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertions, that grievances are not to be complained of,—that our redress is not to be agitated, for, in such cases, remonstrances cannot be too strong, agitation cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

The clause which does away with trial by jury,—what, in the name of Heaven, is it, if it is not the establishment of a revolutionary tribunal? It drives the judge from his bench ; it does away with that which is more sacred than the throne itself,—that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble. If ever I doubted before of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill—this infamous bill—the way in which it has been received by the House ; the manner in which its opponents have been treated ; the personalities to which they have been subjected ; the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted—all these things dissipate my doubts and tell me of its complete and early triumph. Do you think those yells will be forgotten ? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and in-

sulted country ; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills ? Oh ! they will be heard there—yes, and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation ; they will say, “ We are eight millions, and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the isle of Guernsey or of Jersey ! ”

I have done my duty. I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country. I have opposed this measure throughout, and I now protest against it as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust ; as establishing an infamous precedent, by retaliating crime against crime ; as tyrannous—cruelly and vindictively tyrannous !

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

THE SAILOR-BOY'S DREAM.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind ;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn ;
While memory stood side-ways, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise ;

Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall ;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight ;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear ;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With those of his kindred his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast ;
Joy quickens his pulses, his hardships seem o'er ;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
“ O God ! thou hast blest me—I ask for no more.”

Ah ! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye ?
Ah ! what is that sound that now 'larums his ear ?
'Tis the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky ;
'Tis the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock, 'he flies to the deck ;
Amazement confronts him with images dire :
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck ;
The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell ;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save ;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his dark wings o'er the wave.

O, sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! never again
Shall love, home or kindred, thy wishes repay ;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge ;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge.

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow ;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye—
O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! peace to thy soul !

WM. DIMOND.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through them there rolled not the breath of his
pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

CALUMNIATORS OF CATHOLICISM.

©ALUMNIATORS of Catholicism, have you read the history of your country ? Of the charges against the religion of Ireland, the annals of England afford the confutation. The body of your common law was given by the Catholic Alfred. He gave you your judges, your magistrates, your high-sheriffs, your courts of justice, your elective system, and the great bulwark of your liberties,—trial by jury. Who conferred upon the people the right of self-taxation, and fixed, if he did not create, their representation ? The Catholic Edward the First ; while, in the reign of Edward the Third, perfection was given to the representative system, Parliaments were annually called, and the statute against constructive treason was enacted. It is false, —foully, infamously false,—that the Catholic religion, the religion of your forefathers, the religion of seven millions of your fellow-subjects, has been the auxiliary of debasement, and that to its influence the suppression of British freedom can, in a single instance, be referred. I am loath to say that which can give you cause to take offence ; but, when the faith of my country is,

made the object of imputation, I cannot help, I cannot refrain, from breaking into a retaliatory interrogation, and from asking whether the overthrow of the old religion of England was not effected by a tyrant, with a hand of iron and a heart of stone ;—whether Henry did not trample upon freedom, while upon Catholicism he set his foot ; and whether Elizabeth herself, the virgin of the Reformation, did not inherit her despotism with her creed ; whether in her reign the most barbarous atrocities were not committed ;—whether torture, in violation of the Catholic common law of England, was not politically inflicted, and with the shrieks of agony the towers of Julius, in the dead of night, did not reëcho ?

You may suggest to me that in the larger portion of Catholic Europe freedom does not exist ; but you should bear in mind that, at a period when the Catholic religion was in its most palmy state, freedom flourished in the countries in which it is now extinct. False,—I repeat it, with all the vehemence of indignant asseveration,—utterly false is the charge habitually preferred against the religion which Englishmen have laden with penalties, and have marked with degradation. I can bear with any other charge but this—to any other charge I can listen with endurance. Tell me that I prostrate myself before a sculptured marble ; tell me that to a canvas glowing with the imagery of Heaven I bend my knee ; tell me that my faith is my perdition ;

—and, as you traverse the church-yards in which your forefathers are buried, pronounce upon those who have lain there for many hundred years a fearful and appalling sentence,—yes, call what I regard as the truth not only an error, but a sin, to which mercy shall not be extended,—all this I will bear,—to all this I will submit,—nay, at all this I will but smile,—but do not tell me that I am in heart and creed a slave !—THAT, my countrymen cannot brook ! In their own bosoms they carry the high consciousness that never was imputation more foully false, or more detestably calumnious !—SHEIL.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

THESE lived in France, in days not long now dead,
A farmer's sons, twin brothers, like in face ;
And one was taken in the other's stead
For a small theft, and sentenced in disgrace
To serve for years a hated galley-slave,
Yet said no word his prized good name to save.

Trusting remoter days would be more blessed,
He set his will to wear the verdict out,
And knew most men are prisoners at best
Who some strong habit ever drag about,
Like chain and ball ; then meekly prayed that he
Rather the prisoner he was should be.

But best resolves are of such feeble thread,
They may be broken in Temptation's hands.
After long toil, the guiltless prisoner said :
" Why should I thus, and feel life's precious sands
The narrow of my glass, the present, run,
For a poor crime that I have never done ?"

Such questions are like cups, and hold reply ;
For when the chance swung wide the prisoner fled,
And gained the country road, and hastened by
Brown furrowed fields and skipping brooklets fed
By shepherd clouds, and felt 'neath sapful trees,
The soft hand of the mesmerizing breeze.

Then all that long day having eaten naught,
He at a cottage stopped, and of the wife
A brimming bowl of fragrant milk besought.
She gave it him ; but as he quaffed the life,
Down her kind face he saw a single tear
Pursue its wet and sorrowful career.

Within the cot he now beheld a man
And maiden, also weeping. " Speak," said he,
" And tell me of your grief ; for if I can,
I will disroot the sad tear-fruited tree."
The cotter answered : " In default of rent
We shall to-morrow from this roof be sent."

Then said the galley-slave : " Whoso returns
A prisoner escaped may feel the spur
To a right action, and deserves and earns
Proffered reward. I am a prisoner !
Bind these my arms, and drive me back my way,
That your reward the price of home may pay."

Against his wish the cotter gave consent,
And at the prison-gate received his fee,
Though some made it a thing for wonderment
That one so sickly and infirm as he,
When stronger would have dared not to attack,
Could capture this bold youth and bring him back.

Straightway the cotter to the mayor hied
And told him all the story, and that lord
Was much affected, dropping gold beside
The pursed sufficient silver of reward ;
Then wrote his letter in authority,
Asking to set the noble prisoner free.

There is no nobler, better life on earth,
Than that of conscious, much self-sacrifice.
Such life our Saviour, in his lowly birth
And holy work, made his sublime disguise,
Teaching this truth, still rarely understood
'Tis sweet to suffer for another's good.

HENRY ABBEY.

THE CURSE OF REGULUS.

THE palaces and domes of Carthage were burning with the splendors of noon, and the blue waves of her harbor were rolling and gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight. An attentive ear could catch a low murmur, sounding from the centre of the city, which seemed like the moaning of the wind before a tempest. And well it might. The whole people of Carthage, startled, astounded by the report that Regulus had returned, were pouring, a mighty tide, into the great square before the Senate-house. There were mothers in that throng whose captive sons were groaning in Roman fetters; maidens whose lovers were dying in the distant dungeons of Rome; grayhaired men and matrons whom Roman steel had made childless; men who were seeing their country's life crushed out by Roman tyranny; and with wild voices, cursing and groaning, the vast throng gave utterance to the rage, the hate, the anguish of long years.

Calm and unmoved as the marble walls around him stood Reguius, the Roman! He stretched his arm over the surging crowd with a gesture as proudly imperious as though he stood at the head of his own gleaming cohorts. Before that silent command the tumult ceased, the half-uttered execration died upon the lip; so intense was the silence that the clank of the captive's brazen manacles smote sharp on every ear, as

he thus addressed them: "Ye doubtless thought, judging of Roman virtue by your own, that I would break my plighted faith rather than by returning, and leaving your sons and brothers to rot in Roman dungeons, to meet your vengeance. Well, I could give reasons for this return, foolish and inexplicable as it seems to you; I could speak of yearning after immortality—of those eternal principles in whose pure light a patriot's death is glorious, a thing to be desired; but, by great Jove! I should debase myself to dwell on such themes to you. If the bright blood which feeds my heart were like the slimy ooze that stagnates in your veins, I should have remained at Rome, saved my life, and broken my oath. If, then, you ask why I have come back, to let you work your will on this poor body, which I esteem but as the rags that cover it, enough reply for you—it is because I am a Roman! As such, here in your very capital I defy you! What I have done ye never can undo; what ye may do, I care not. Since first my young arm knew how to wield a Roman sword, have I not routed your armies, burned your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot-wheels? And do ye now expect to see me cower and whine with dread of Carthaginian vengeance? Compared to that fierce mental strife which my heart has just passed through at Rome, the piercing of this flesh, the rending of these sinews, would be but sport to me.

"Venerable senators, with trembling voices and out-

stretched hands, besought me to return no more to Carthage. The generous people, with loud wailing and wildly-tossing gestures, bade me stay. The voice of a beloved mother—her withered hands beating her breast, her grey hairs streaming in the wind, tears flowing down her furrowed cheeks—praying me not to leave her in her lonely and helpless old age, is still sounding in my ears. Compared to anguish like this the paltry torment you have in store is as the murmur of the meadow brook to the wild tumult of the mountain storm. Go! bring your threatened tortures. The woes I see impending over this fated city will be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve should tingle with its agony! I die; but mine shall be the triumph, yours the untold desolation. For every drop of blood that falls from my veins your own shall pour in torrents! Woe unto thee, O Carthage! I see thy homes and temples all in flames, thy citizens in terror, thy women wailing for the dead. Proud city! thou art doomed. The curse of Jove, a living, lasting curse, is on thee! The hungry waves shall lick the golden gates of thy rich palaces, and every brook run crimson to the sea. Rome, with bloody hand, shall sweep thy heart-strings, and all thy homes shall howl in wild response of anguish to her touch. Proud mistress of the sea, disrobed, uncrowned, and scourged, thus again do I devote thee to the infernal gods! Now bring forth your tortures! Slaves! while ye tear this quivering

flesh remember how often Regulus has beaten your armies and humbled your pride. Cut as he would have carved you ! Burn deep as his curse !”

THE PRIEST'S LEAP.

THE priest is out upon the hill before the dawn of day ;

Through shadows deep, o'er rugged ground, he treads his painful way.

A peasant's homely garb he wears, that none but friendly eyes

May know who dares to walk abroad, beneath that rough disguise.

Inside his coat, and near his heart, lies what he treasures most,

For there a tiny silver shrine contains the Sacred Host.

Adoring as he goes, he seeks a cabin low and rude,
To nourish there a fainting soul with God's appointed food ;

For so it is, within the land whose brave and faithful race

In other days made all the isle a bright and holy place.
Its temples are in ruins now, its altars overthrown,
Its hermits' cells in cliffs and cave are tenantless and lone ;

The ancient race are broken down, their power is passed away.

Poor helots, plundered and despised, they tread the world to-day,

But yet, though fallen their fortunes be, through want,
and woe, and ill,

Close hid, and fondly loved, they keep their priests
amongst them still—

Their faithful priests, who, though by law condemned,
denounced and banned,

Will not forsake their suffering flocks, or quit the stricken
land.

The morning brightens as he goes, the little hut is near,
When runs a peasant to his side, and speaks into his
ear :

“Fly, Father, fly ! the spies are out : they’ve watched
you on your way :

They’ve brought the soldiers on your track, to seize you
or to slay !

Quick, Father, dear ! here stands my horse ; no whip
or spur he’ll need ;

Mount you at once upon his back, and put him to his
speed,

And, then, what course you’d better take ’tis God alone
that knows—

Before you spreads a stormy sea, behind you come
your foes ;

But mount at once and dash away ; take chance for
field or flood,

And God may raise His hand to-day, to foil those men
of blood.”

Up sprang the priest ; away he rode, but ere a mile was
run

Right in his path he saw the flash of bayonets in the sun ;
He turned his horse’s head, and sped along the way he
came,

But oh ! there too his hunters were, fast closing on
their game !
Straight forward then he faced his steed, and urged
him with his hand,
To where the cliff stood high and sheer above the sea-
beat strand.
Then from the soldiers and the spies arose a joyful
cheer,
Their toilsome chase was well-nigh o'er, the wished-for
end was near ;
They stretched their eager hands to pluck the rider
from his seat—
A few more lusty strides and they might swing him to
their feet ;
For now betwixt him and the verge are scarce ten feet
of ground—
But stay !—good God !—out o'er the cliff the horse is
seen to bound !
The soldiers hasten to the spot, they gaze around, below,
No splash disturbs the waves that keep their smooth
and even flow ;
From their green depths no form of man or horse is
seen to rise,
Far down upon the stony strand no mangled body lies :
“ Look up ! look up ! ” a soldier shouts, “ oh ! what a
sight is there ! ”
Behold the priest, on horseback still, is speeding through
the air ! ”
They looked, and lo ! the words were true, and,
trembling with affright,
They saw the vision pierce the blue, and vanish from
their sight.
Three miles away across the bay, a group with won-
dering eyes

Saw some strange speck come rushing fast toward them
from the skies,
A bird they deemed it first to be; they watched its
course, and soon
They thought it some black burning mass flung from
the sun or moon ;
It neared the earth—their hearts beat fast—they held
their breath with awe,
As clear, and clearer still—the horse—and then—the
man—they saw ;
They shut their eyes, they stopped their ears, to spare
their hearts the shock
As steed and rider both came down and struck the solid
rock ;
Ay, on the solid rock they struck, but never made a
sound ;
No horrid mass of flesh and blood was scattered all
around ;
For when the horse fell on his knees, and when the
priest was thrown
A little forward, and his hands came down upon the
stone,
That instant, by God's potent will, the flinty rock be-
came
Like moistened clay, or wax that yields before a glowing
flame.
Unhurt, unharmed, the priest arose, and with a joyful
start
He pressed his hand upon his breast—the Host was
near his heart.
Long years have passed away since then, in sun, and
wind, and rain,
But still of that terrific leap the wondrous marks re-
main,

On the high cliff from which he sprang—now deemed
a sacred place—
The prints left by the horse's hoofs are plain for all to
trace ;
And still the stone where he alighted, whoever likes may
view,
And see the signs and tokens there that prove the story
true ;
May feel and count each notch and line, may measure
if he please,
The dint made by the horse's head, the grooves sunk
by his knees,
And place his fingers in the holes—for there they are
to-day—
Made by the fingers of the priest who leaped across
the bay.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

IT had been a day of triumph at Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away ; the roar of the lion had ceased ; the last loiterers had retired from the banquet ; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling

its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach ; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre a band of gladiators assembled, their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows, when Spartacus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them: "Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron-groves at the foot of Helicon. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported ; and when at noon I gathered the sheep beneath the shade and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and

Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse, the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold! it was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave, and I begged that I might bear away the body to burn it on a funeral-pile and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call vestals, and the rabble shouted in derision; deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at the sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly

said ; ' Let the carrion rot ; there are no noble men but Romans ! ' And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome, Rome ! thou hast been a tender nurse to me ; ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint ; taught him to drive the sword through plated mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe ; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a child upon the face of a smiling mother. And he shall pay thee back until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled ! Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews ; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall, with his lily fingers, pat your red brawn and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark ! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den ? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh, but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be ! If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife ! If ye are men, follow me ! Strike down yon sentinel, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Therniopylæ ! Is Sparta dead ? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash ? O comrades,

warriors, Thracians ! If we must fight, let us fight for ourselves ! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors ! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle !”

E. KELLOGG.

GUALBERTO'S VICTORY.

A MOUNTAIN pass so narrow that a man
Riding that way to Florence, stooping, can
Touch with his hand the rock, on either side,
And pluck the flowers that in the crannies hide
Here, on Good Friday, centuries ago,
Mounted and armed, John Gualberto met his foe,
Mounted and armed as well, but riding down
To the fair city from the woodland brown,
This way and that swinging his jewelled whip,
A gay old love-song on his careless lip,
And on his charger's neck the reins loose thrown.

An accidental meeting ; but the sun
Burned on their brows, as if it had been one
Of deep design, so deadly was the look
Of mutual hate their olive faces took,
As (knightly courtesy forgot in wrath)
Neither would yield his enemy the path.
“ Back !” cried Gualberto. “ Never !” yelled his foe ;
And on the instant, sword in hand, they throw

Them from their saddles, nothing loath,
And fall to fighting, with a smothered oath.
A pair of shapely, stalwart cavaliers,
Well-matched in stature, weapons, weight, and years,
Theirs was a long, fierce struggle on the grass,
Thrusting and parrying up and down the pass ;
Swaying from left to right, in combat clenched,
Till all the housings of their steeds were drenched
With brutal gore, and ugly blood-drops oozed
Upon the rocks, from head and hands contused.
But at the close, when Gualberto stopped to rest,
His heel was planted on his foeman's breast ;
And looking up, the fallen courtier sees,
As in a dream, gray rocks and waving trees
Before his glazing vision faintly float,
While Gualberto's sabre glitters at his throat.

" Now die, base wretch !" the victor fiercely cries,
His heart of hate out-flashing from his eyes :
" Never again, by the all-righteous Lord !
Shalt thou with life escape this trusty sword,—
Revenge is sweet !" And upward glanced the steel,
But ere it fell,—dear Lord ! a silvery peal
Of voices chanting far below,
Rose, like a fountain's spray from spires of snow,
And chimed and chimed to die in echoes slow.

In the sweet silence following the sound,
Gualberto and the man upon the ground

Glared at each other with bewildered eyes
(The glare of hunted deer on leashed hound) ;
And then the vanquished, struggling to arise,
Made one last effort, while his face grew dark
With pleading agony : “ Gualberto ! hark !
The chants—the hour—thou know’st the olden
fashion,—
The monks below intone our Lord’s dear Passion.
Oh ! by this cross ! ”—and here he caught the hilt
Of Gualberto’s sword,—“and by the Blood once spilt
Upon it for us both long years ago,
Forgive—forget—and spare a fallen foe ! ”

The face that bent above grew white and set
(Christ or the demon ?—in the balance hung) :
The lips were drawn,—the brow bedewed with
sweat,—
But on the grass the harmless sword was flung :
And stooping down, the hero, generous, wrung
The outstretched hand. Then, lest he lose control
Of the but half-tamed passions of his soul,
Fled up the pathway, tearing casque and coat
To ease the tempest throbbing at his throat ;
Fled up the crags, as if a fiend pursued,
And paused not till he reached a chapel rude.

There, in the cool dim stillness, on his knees,
Trembling, he flings himself, and, startled, sees

Set in the rock a crucifix antique,
From which the wounded Christ bends down to
speak.

"Thou hast done well, Gualberto. For My sake
Thou didst forgive thine enemy ; now take
My gracious pardon for thy times of sin,
And from this day a better life begin."

White flashed the angels' wings about his head,
Rare, subtile perfumes through the place were shed;
And golden harps and sweetest voices poured
Their glorious hosannas to the Lord,
Who in that hour, and in that chapel quaint,
Changed by His power, by His dear love's constraint,
Gualberto the sinner into John the saint.—

ELEANOR DONNELLY.

THE END.